

Author: Rieb Adre, The Cursed

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***** but

I love her

***** The

monks of yew may be

able to help me.

Should I tell her?

This curse may be the

death of us both!

*****I

have resolved to tell her
the truth.

She seemed startled
mostly by my age, not
my curse or its
viciousness. *****

*****I

have made it worse, the
monster within me...

*****t

he monster I become.

Now there are two.

Her hunger is terrifying.

I am afraid of her.

Although I am her maker
and her master, it is she
who rules. Her hunger is
terrible. I fear animals
will no longer sate her.

She says she wants real

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[illegible]

***** She
wants to start over, to
begin again with us. She
has arranged a picnic
with lots of wine. Says
we will begin again.

***** I
still see the hunger in
her eyes.

She speaks of Children,
but not... of our flesh,
but of our fur.

She wants our cave warm
with baby dire bears. I do
not think she understands
the danger to others...
or the danger others are
to us.

